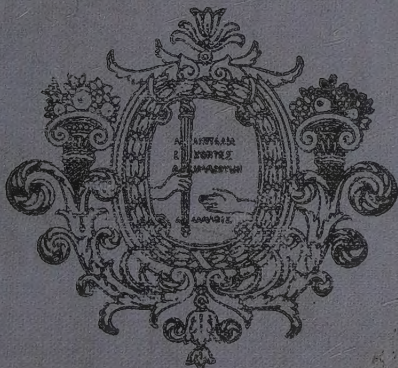
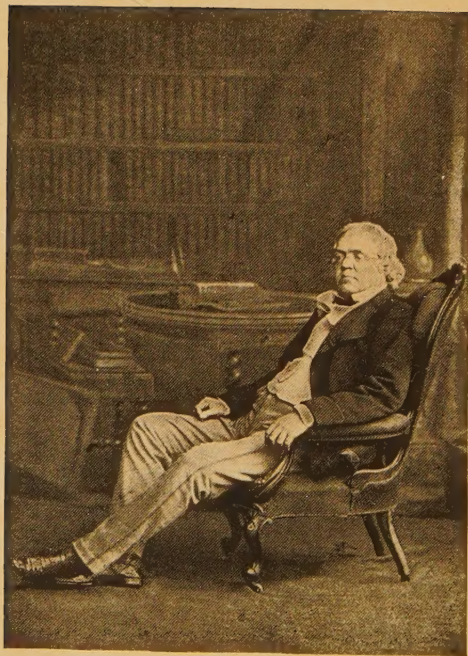






THE SENSE AND SENTIMENT OF THACKERAY

BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE
WORKS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

COMPILED BY

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HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
M - C - M - I - X

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Published September, 1909.

The Sense and Sentiment
of Thackeray

INTRODUCTION

MR. THACKERAY has not been accounted a quotable writer. And, indeed, his lay preachments, his intimate confidences with his readers and his observations upon life as he saw it through his quizzical spectacles, were not smartly set down in such epigrammatic form as to be readily retained in the casual reader's memory.

But here and there from the open pages of his human philosophy these of his sentiments have been selected for the ready reference and the daily comfort of those who love to sit under the ministration of this lay preacher. Writing of himself, he protested that "under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person." May the following lines from the pen long since laid aside bear their own testimony.

P. ST. A. F.

OF HIMSELF

WHO is this that sets up to preach
to mankind, and to laugh at many
things which men reverence?

Letter to Dr. John Brown.



I cannot help telling the truth as I
view it and describing what I see. To
describe it otherwise than it seems to
me would be falsehood in that calling in
which it has pleased Heaven to place
me; treason to that conscience which
says that men are weak; that truth
must be told; that fault must be owned;
that pardon must be prayed for; and
that love reigns supreme over all.

Charity and Humor.



Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

Ballads—The Pen and the Album.

W O M E N

As for good women — these, my worthy reader, are different from us—the nature of these is to love, and to do kind offices and devise untiring charities.

The Newcomes, chap. lxxxiv.



When two women get together to like a man, they help each other on—each pushes the other forward—and the second, out of sheer sympathy, becomes as eager as the principal; at least, so it is said by philosophers who have examined the science.

Pendennis, chap. xlvii.



I wonder are our women more virtuous than their grandmothers, or only more squeamish?

The Virginians, chap. xxvi.



'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. vii.

THACKERAY

A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be?

Essays—Men and Coats.



But I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



When the women of the house have settled a matter, is there much use in man's resistance?

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxxii.



My dear nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.

W O M E N

The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice in their courts is forever in a passion.

The Virginians, chap. iv.



I do think some women almost love poverty.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, chap. xii.



What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all?

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. vi.



To be beautiful is enough; if a woman can do that well who shall demand more from her? You don't want a rose to sing.

The Newcomes, chap. xxv.



To be doing good for some one else is the life of most good women.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. ix.

THACKERAY

For a woman all soul she certainly
eats as much as any woman I ever saw.

Mrs. Perkins's Ball



Suppose Eve had not eaten of that
apple, and her children and their papa
had gone on living forever quite happy
in a smirking paradisical nudity, it
wouldn't have been half the world it is!

Letter to His Mother.



If a man is in grief, who cheers him?
in trouble, who consoles him? in wrath,
who soothes him? in joy, who makes
him doubly happy? in prosperity, who
rejoices? in disgrace, who backs him
against the world, and dresses with
gentle unguents and warm poultices the
rankling wounds made by the slings
and arrows of outrageous fortune?
Who but woman, if you please?

The Virginians, chap. lxii.



But there are moments when the

W O M E N

tenderest women are cruel, and some triumphs which angels can't forego.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. x.



. . . the blessed gift of pleasing and being pleased.—*Pendennis*, chap. lxvi.



And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work table hard by. . To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to very very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to deserve her. All I have I owe to her; but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more?

Denis Duval—Notes.



It is the pretty face which creates sympathy in the hearts of men, those wicked rogues. What folly will not a pair of bright eyes make pardonable? What dulness may not red lips and sweet accents render pleasant?

Vanity Fair, chap. xxxviii.

THACKERAY

A day in which one sees a very pretty woman, should always be noted as a holiday with a man and marked with a white stone.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



Nature meant very gently by women when she made that tea-plant.

Pendennis, chap. xxxii.



The women can master us and did they know their own strength were invincible.

The Virginians, chap. lxiii.



A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons among his circle of acquaintance—women in

W O M E N

whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as beautiful to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity, which never seems to do or think wrong.

Pendennis, chap. ii.



Let us be thankful for our race, as we think of the love that blesses some of us.

The Newcomes, chap. xv.



As the gambler said of his dice, to love and win is the best thing, to love and lose is the next best.

Pendennis, chap. xxxix.



Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless and tender heart or two, and reckon among the blessings Heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart and try to make

THACKERAY

it worthy theirs. On thy knees, on thy knees, give thanks for the blessing awarded thee! All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment—grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and over and over again, found worthless by the weary winners.

The Virginians, chap. xxi.



When one thinks of country houses, and country walks, one wonders that any man is left unmarried.

Pendennis, chap. lxiii.



Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm.

Roundabout Papers — Thorns in the Cushion.



This lady, I believe, would have abandoned all goals, punishments, handcuffs, whippings, poverty, sickness, hunger, in the world; and was such a mean-

W O M E N

spirited creature that—we are obliged to confess it—she could even forget a mortal injury.

Vanity Fair, chap. lxxv.



Happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman!

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, chap. xi.



You may see, by the above letter of Mrs. Lambert, that she, like all good women (and, indeed, almost all bad women), was a sentimental person.

The Virginians, chap. xxi.



A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of un-

THACKERAY

spoken admiration, what a monster, I say, would such a female be?

The Newcomes, chap. xlv.



This only we will say—that a good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and that we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty.

Pendennis, chap. li.



You have but the same four letters to describe the salute which you perform on your grandmother's forehead, and that which you bestow on the sacred cheek of your mistress; but the same four letters, and not one of them a labial.

Pendennis, chap. xlv.



We have all heard of the dying French Duchess, who viewed her coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily because, she said, she was sure that

M E N

Heaven must deal politely with a person of her quality.

The Newcomes, chap. xlvi.



If your neighbor's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?

The Newcomes, chap. viii.



Men serve women kneeling—when they get on their feet, they go away.

Pendennis, chap. xxx.



But when angered, the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do those of the enemy who inflames us.

The Newcomes, chap. lxvi.



The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know.

The Newcomes, chap. lxvi.



Many a man and woman have been incensed and worshipped and have

THACKERAY

shown no more feeling than is to be expected from idols.

The Newcomes, chap. xxi.



If I choose to pass over an injury, I fear 'tis not from a Christian and forgiving spirit: 'tis because I can afford to remit the debt, and disdain to ask a settlement of it. One or two sweet souls I have known in my life (and perhaps tried) to whom forgiveness is no trouble—a plant that grows naturally, as it were, in the soil. I know how to remit I say, not forgive. I wonder are we proud men proud of being proud?

The Virginians, chap. lxxxv.



Lucky for you, and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you.

English Humorists — Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding.

M E N

And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and say grace, and mumble your humble pie!

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxviii.



Accusations of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world; and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water—fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety.

Critical Reviews—George Cruikshank.

THACKERAY

No Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

English Humorists—Swift.



We perceive in every man's life the maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of Right and Wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail.

Pendennis, chap. lxxv.



Now as Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own too.

Paris Sketch Book—On the French School of Painting.



How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him.

The Virginians, chap. xci.



What is the dearest praise of all to a man? his own—or that you shall love those whom he loves?

The Newcomes, chap. lxxxiii.

M E N

We all hide from one another. We have all secrets. We are all alone. We sin by ourselves, and, let us trust, repent too.

The Virginians, chap. lxxxv.



What good woman does not laugh at her husband's or father's jokes and stories time after time, and would not laugh at breakfast, lunch, and dinner if he told them?

The Newcomes, chap. xl.



If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know it has been so settled by the Ordainer of the lottery.

Pendennis, chap. lxxv.



Yesterday is the philosopher's property, and by thinking of it and using it to advantage, he may gayly go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be.

Memorials of Gormandizing.

The world is so wide, and the tastes of mankind happily so various, that there is always a chance for every man, and he may win the prize by his genius or by his good fortune.

Pendennis, chap. xli.



It is a sad thing to think that a man with what we call a fund of anecdote is a humbug, more or less amiable and pleasant.

Roundabout Papers—Notes of a Week's Holiday.



Ah, sir—a distinct universe walks under your hat and under mine—all things in nature are different to each—the woman we look at has not the same features, the dish we eat from has not the same taste to the one and to the other—you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us.

Pendennis, chap. xvi.

M E N

He was thinking what a mockery life was, and how men refuse happiness when they may have it; or, having it, kick it down, or barter it, with their eyes open, for a little worthless money or beggarly honor.

Pendennis, chap. lxvi.



Kindnesses are easily forgotten; but injuries!—what worthy man does not keep *those* in mind?

Lovel the Widower, chap. i.



It was the first step in life that Pen was making—ah! what a dangerous journey it is, and how the bravest may stumble and the strongest fail. Brother wayfarer, may you have a kind arm to support yours on the path! may truth guide, mercy forgive at the end, and love accompany always!

Pendennis, chap. xvii.



You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-

THACKERAY

day, if the day brings no action to shame it.

The Newcomes, chap. xxvii.



A single man who has health and brains, and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay there.

Pendennis, chap. xxi.



The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense as it has its good humor—it detects a pretender as it trusts a loyal heart.

English Humorists — Sterne and Goldsmith.



Which is the most reasonable and does his duty best: he who stands aloof from the struggle of life, calmly contemplating it, or he who descends to the ground, and takes his part in the contest?

Pendennis, chap. xliv.



The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the

M E N

gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it.

Critical Reviews—Laman Blanchard.



Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost wherever presented.

The Virginians, chap. xxi.



Because you and I are epicures, or dainty feeders, it does not follow that Hodge is miserable with his homely meal of bread and bacon.

The Virginians, chap. v.



There's some particular prize we all of us value, and that every man of spirit will venture his life for.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. iv.



I say, lucky is the man whose servants speak well of him.

The Newcomes, chap. xv.

THACKERAY

Say it is a dream; say it passes; better the recollection of a dream than an aimless waking from a blank stupor.

Pendennis, chap. lxix.



The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. x.



Isn't it strange that in the midst of all the selfishness, that one of doing one's business is the strongest of all? What funny songs I have written when fit to hang myself.

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



There are some natures which are improved and softened by prosperity and kindness as there are men of other dispositions who become arrogant and graceless under good fortune.

Pendennis, chap. xli.

M E N

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you. Laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion.

Vanity Fair, chap. ii.



Who would not be poor if he could be sure of possessing genius and winning fame and immortality, sir?

The Newcomes, chap. iv.



As the poet has observed—"Those only is gentlemen who behave as sich."
The Irish Sketch Book—An Invasion of France.



A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned.

English Humorists—Steele.



I know there is nothing like a knowledge of the classics to give a man a good breeding.

The Newcomes, chap. v.

THACKERAY

Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onward in life, and are driven into acts of desperation, or it may be of distinction, from a hundred different courses.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. v.



Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover the face and pass on.

English Humorists — Prior, Gay, and Pope.



Be sure, sir, that idle bread is the most dangerous of all that is eaten.

The Virginians, chap. xxviii.



Surely a fine, furious temper, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and

M E N

fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxiii.



There are some who never can pardon good fortune, and in the company of gentlemen are on the watch for offence.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.



A man will lay down his head or peril his life for his honor, but let us be shy how we ask him to give up his ease or his heart's desire.

Pendennis, chap. xviii.



But the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all Nature is, surely, the face of a man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain.
Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



He is such an ass, and so respectable, that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world.

Mrs. Perkins's Ball.

Do what I will, be innocent or spiteful, be generous or cruel, there are A and B and C and D who will hate me to the end of the chapter—to the chapter's end—to the *Finis* of the page—when hate and envy and fortune and disappointment shall be over.

Roundabout Papers — Thorns in the Cushion.



Why the deuce will men make light of that golden calf mediocrity, which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime?

Critical Reviews—On Men and Pictures.



By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey.

The Newcomes, chap. viii.



So a man dashes a fine vase down, and despises it for being broken. It

M E N

may be worthless—true; but who had the keeping of it, and who shattered it?

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xii.



What man's life is not overtaken by one or more of these tornadoes that send us out of the course, and fling us on rocks to shelter as best we may?

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. ii.



One man goes over the ice which bears him, and a score who follow flounder in.

Pendennis, chap. xli.



How often have we called our judge our enemy because he has given sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong because the right condemns us!

The Paris Sketch Book—Mme. Sand and the New Apocalypse.



Yes, a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in

THACKERAY

the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



For my part I believe that remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses—the very easiest to be deadened when wakened: and in some never wakened at all.—*Vanity Fair*, chap. xli.



Words, like men, pass current for awhile with the public, and, being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society.

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression?

English Humorists—Steele.

M E N

Sin in man is so light that scarce the fine of a penny is imposed; while for women it is so heavy that no repentance can wash it out.

The Newcomes, chap. xxviii.



He is so insufferably affable that every man near him would like to give him a beating.

The Newcomes, chap. xiii.



Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days.

Pendennis, chap. xvii.



So it is that what is grand to some persons' eyes appears grotesque to others; and for certain skeptical persons, that step which we have heard of between the sublime and the ridiculous is not visible.

The Newcomes, chap. xxx.

What a privilege some men have who can sit quietly in their studies and make friends all the world over.

Irish Sketch Book, chap. xxvii.



His affection is part of his life. What were life without it? Without love, I can fancy no gentleman.

The Four Georges.



What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman—of any glory, and happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it?

The Newcomes, chap. lxvi.



A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration among his or her family circle. The

M E N

lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxiii.



Most of us play with edged tools at some period of our lives, and cut ourselves accordingly.

The Virginians, chap. xxxiii.



Many a man fails by that species of vanity called shyness, who might, for the asking, have his will.

Pendennis, chap. xxiv.



I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam.

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.



Ah! no man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves them.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. i.

THACKERAY

'Tis misfortune that awakens ingenuity, or fortitude, or endurance, in hearts where these qualities had never come to life but for the circumstance which gave them a being.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. ix.



Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair; only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion:—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

English Humorists—Swift and "Stella."



He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says

M E N

that "to have loved her was a liberal education."

English Humorists—Steele.



Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex?

English Humorists—Steele.



I have seen too much of success in life to take off my hat and huzzah to it as it passes by in its gilt coach; and would do my little part with my neighbors on foot, that they should not gape with too much wonder, nor applaud too loudly.

Henry Esmond — Introduction to
Book I.



Believe me, there is on the face of this world no scamp like an English one, no blackguard like one of these half-

THACKERAY

gentlemen, so mean, so low, so vulgar—
so ludicrously ignorant and conceited,
so desperately heartless and depraved.

*The Paris Sketch Book—An Invasion
of France.*



Well, well, we can't be all roaring
lions in this world; there must be *some*
lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious
creatures for eating and shearing.

Mrs. Perkins's Ball.



What is it to be a gentleman? Is it
to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life,
to keep your honor virgin; to have the
esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the
love of your fireside; to bear good
fortune meekly; to suffer evil with
constancy; and through evil or good
maintain truth always? Show me the
happy man whose life exhibits these
qualities, and we will salute him as
gentleman.

The Four Georges.

M E N

And so indeed Nature does make some gentlemen—a few here and there. But Art makes most.

The Second Funeral of Napoleon.



A man who has been a-pleasuring for twenty years begins to settle down as a sort of domestic character—not gloomy nor ill-tempered, nor peevish nor unkind, but a sort of mild melancholy.

Letter to His Mother.



But fortune, good or ill, as I take it, does not change men and women. It but develops their character.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. i.



But love seems to survive life, and to reach beyond it. I think we take it with us past the grave. Do we not still give it to those who have left us? May we not hope that they feel it for us, and that we shall leave it here, in one or two fond bosoms, when we are also gone?

The Virginians, chap. xxi.

THACKERAY

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
Ballads—The End of the Play.



Before and since Mr. Franklin wrote his pretty apologue of the whistle, have we not all made bargains of which we repented, and coveted and acquired objects for which we have paid too dearly?

Roundabout Papers—Autour de mon Chapeau.



And so there are other glittering baubles (of rare water too), for which men have been set to kill and quarrel ever since mankind began; and which last but for a score of years, when their sparkle is over. Where are those jewels now that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead or shone in the sockets of Helen?

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. vii.

M E N

O, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving.

Vanity Fair, chap. lxvii.



There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life, and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of its occurrence, which has nevertheless turned and altered his whole career.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xii.



To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here, too?

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xvii.



Yesterday is gone—yes, but very well remembered; and we think of it the more now we know to-morrow is not going to bring us much.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.

THACKERAY

But what, what is memory? Memory without Hope is but a negative idiosyncrasy, and Hope without Memory, a plant that has no root.

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



I believe a man forgets nothing. I've seen a flower, or heard a trivial word or two, which have awakened recollections that somehow had lain dormant for scores of years.

The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon,
chap. xiv.



There is a certain sort of man whose doom is disappointment—who excels in it—and whose luckless triumphs in his meek career of life, I have often thought, must be regarded by the kind eyes above us with as much favor as the splendid successes and achievements of coarser and more prosperous men.

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.



A comfortable career of prosperity,

M E N

if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so.

Vanity Fair, chap. xli.



Which of us can point out and say that was the culmination—that was the summit of human joy?

Vanity Fair, chap. lxii.



In our transatlantic country we have a season, the calmest and most delightful of the year, which we call the Indian summer; I often say the autumn of our life resembles that happy and serene weather, and am thankful for its rest and its sweet sunshine.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xiii.



Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xix.

THACKERAY

Indeed, calamity is welcome to women if they think it will bring mutual affection home again; and if you have reduced your mistress to a crust, depend upon it that she won't repine, and only take a very little bit of it for herself provided you will eat the remainder in her company.

Pendennis, chap. xxxvii.



And that is a point whereon I suppose many a gentleman has reflected, that, do what we will, we are pretty sure of the woman's love that once has been ours, and that that untiring tenderness and forgiveness never fails us.

Pendennis, chap. xxi.



In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope and the summit of happiness—and to think of her is to praise God.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. xiii.



Blessed he—blessed though may be

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

undeserving—who has the love of a good woman.

The Newcomes, chap. xlix.



Happy! who is happy? Was there not a serpent in Paradise itself, and if Eve had been perfectly happy beforehand, would she have listened to him?

The Virginians, chap. ii.



A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile.

A Shabby Genteel Story, chap. vi.



Indeed, what can be more provoking, after a dispute with your wife, than to find it is you, and not she, who has been in the wrong?

The Newcomes, chap. xlix.

THACKERAY

They live together, and they dine together, and they say "my dear" and "my love" as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself; that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers, and fury, and griefs, and pleasures are over.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. vii.



Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do, and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after, as before the nuptial ceremony.

Rebecca and Rowena, chap. i.



Many a young couple of spendthrifts get through their capital of passion in the first twelve months, and have no love left for the daily demands of after life. Oh me! for the day when the bank-account is closed, and the cupboard

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

empty, and the firm of Damon and Phyllis insolvent!

The Newcomes, chap. xxxvii.



Ah, Chloe! To be good, to be simple, to be modest, to be loved be thy lot. Be thankful thou art not taller, nor stronger, nor richer, nor wiser than the rest of the world.

Roundabout Papers — A Mississippi Bubble.



And so, in the hour of their pain myriads of manly hearts have found woman's love ready to soothe their anguish.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxv.



When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayers shall toll for a certain D.D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved but yonder lady, and keep

THACKERAY

a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive.

Denis Duval, Notes.



All good women, you know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interests them.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxx.



Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

The Ballad of Boullibaisse.



Ah! dear me, we are most of us very lonely in the world. You who have any who love you, cling to them, and thank God.

Lovel the Widower, chap. vi.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Few fond women feel money-distressed; indeed, you can hardly give a woman a greater pleasure than to bid her pawn her diamonds for the man she loves.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xiv.



It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. Some of us can't, and are proud of our impotence, too.

Pendennis, chap. vi.



But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes it and intercedes for you.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. v.



The incidents of life, and love-making especially, I believe to resemble each other so much that I am surprised, gentlemen and ladies, you read novels any more.

The Virginians, chap. xviii.

THACKERAY

If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?

The Newcomes, chap. xlv.



Only to two or three persons in all the world are the reminiscences of a man's early youth interesting: to the parent who nursed him; to the fond wife or child mayhap afterward who love him; to himself always and supremely.

The Newcomes, chap. iv.



There's pity and love, as well as envy, in the heart and toward the same person.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. v.



From the loss of a tooth to that of a mistress there's no pang that's not bearable.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. iv.



Sure, love *vincit omnia*, is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth; more noble than name.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. xiii.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Of course, every dutiful man tells everything to every dutiful wife.

Adventures of Philip, chap. xxi.



Warm friendship and thorough esteem and confidence, are safe properties invested in the prudent marriage stock, multiplying and bearing an increasing value with every year.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxvii.



But don't you acknowledge that the sight of an honest man, with an honest loving wife by his side, and surrounded by loving and obedient children, presents something very sweet and affecting to you?

The Virginians, chap. xxi.



True love is better than glory; and a tranquil fireside with the woman of your heart seated by it, the greatest good the gods can send to us.

The Virginians, chap. xxiv.

THACKERAY

Who does not know of eyes, lighted by love once, where the flame shines no more?—of lamps extinguished, once properly trimmed and tended? Every man has such in his house.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xi.



When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it.

The Virginians, chap. xx.



All good women are match-makers at heart.

Denis Duval, chap. v.



What strange mixture of pity and pleasure is it which comes over you sometimes when a child takes you by the hand and leads you up solemnly to some little treasure of its own—a feather or a string of glass beads? I declare I have often looked at such with more delight than at diamonds.

The Irish Sketch Book, chap. vi.

CHILDHOOD

They call that room the nursery still, and the little wicket still hangs at the upper stairs; it has been there for forty years—*bon Dieu!* Can't you see the ghosts of little faces peering over it?—and the spirits of dolls, and tops that turn and turn but don't hum?

Men's Wives.



The enjoyments of boyish fancy are the most intense and delicious in the world.

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.



Surely no man can have better claims to sympathy than bravery, youth, good looks, and misfortune.

The Virginians, chap. vii.



I like to think of a well-nurtured boy, brave and gentle, warm-hearted and loving, and looking the world in the face with kind honest eyes.

Pendennis, chap. iii.

THACKERAY

Beside the old hall fire—upon my nurse's
knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were
told to me!
I thought the world was once—all
peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—
their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night—in slumber
sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit
me in sleep.

Ballads—Fairy Tales.



And yet there is one day in the year
when I think St. Paul's presents the
noblest sight in the whole world; when
five thousand charity children, with
cheeks like nosegays and fresh sweet
voices, sing the hymn which makes every
heart thrill with praise and happiness.

The Four Georges.



Which of the dead are most tenderly
and passionately deplored? Those who

CHILDHOOD

love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire.

Vanity Fair, chap. lxi.



As a man who has long since left off being amused with clown and harlequin, still gets a pleasure in watching a child at a pantomime.

Pendennis, chap. xxxvii.



I always think the invention of toys and toy-shops a very beautiful and creditable part of human nature. And it is pleasant to see in all fairs and fêtes, in all watering-places whither people flock for pleasure, how many simple inventions are gathered together for the mere amusement of children—innumerable.

A St. Philip's Day at Paris.



Leave him occasionally alone, my good madame, if you have a poet for a

THACKERAY

child. Even your admirable advice may be a bore sometimes.

Pendennis, chap. iii.



And he, at least, who has suffered as a child, and is not quite perverted in that early school of unhappiness, learns to be gentle and long-suffering with little children.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. iii.



I smart the cruel smart again; and boy or man, have never been able to bear the sight of people parting from their children.

Roundabout Papers—On Two Children In Black.



Wherefore were wings made and do feathers grow but that birds should fly? The instinct that bids you love your nest leads the young ones to seek a tree and a mate of their own.

The Newcomes, chap. xxi.

YOUTH

A young fellow cannot be cast down by grief and misfortune ever so severe but some night he begins to sleep sound, and some day when dinner-time comes to feel hungry for a beefsteak.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. v.



'Tis an error, surely, to talk of the simplicity of youth. I think no persons are more hypocritical, and have a more affected behavior to one another, than the young.

Henry Esmond, Book I., chap. ix.



Cultivate, kindly reader, those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of after days are, and how much weaker the grasp of your own hand if it has been shaken about in twenty years' commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms.

Pendennis, chap. lxi.

THACKERAY

To draw long dreams of beauty, love,
and power,
From founts of hope that never will
outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an
hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-
one.

Ballads—The Garret.



And young fellows are honest, and
merry, and idle, and mischievous, and
timid, and brave, and studious, and
selfish, and generous, and mean, and
false, and truth-telling, and affectionate,
and good, and bad, now as in former days.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. ii.



His courtesy was not put on like a
Sunday suit, and laid by when the com-
pany went away; it was always the same.

Henry Esmond, Preface.



Perhaps he had a love affair in early
life which he had to strangle—perhaps

YOUTH

all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned like so many blind kittens.

Pendennis, chap. viii.



Some boys have the complaint of love favorably and gently. Others, when they get the fever, are sick unto death with it; or, recovering, carry the marks of the malady down to the grave, or to remotest old age.

The Virginians, chap. xviii.



A man gets his own experience about women, and will take nobody's hearsay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. ii.



Sure, occasion is the father of most that is good in us.

Henry Esmond, chap. ix.



There are people who in their youth have felt and inspired an heroic passion,

THACKERAY

and end by being happy in the caresses,
or agitated by the illness, of a poodle.

Pendennis, chap. xlviiii.



In spite of his brag and boast to the contrary, he was too young as yet for women's society, which probably can only be had in perfection when a man has ceased to think about his own person, and given up all designs of being a conquerer of ladies.

Pendennis, chap. xlvii.



And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

Ballads---The End of the Play.



To be young, to be good-looking, to be healthy, to be hungry three times a day, to have plenty of money, a great alacrity of sleeping, and nothing to do—all

YOUTH

these, I say, are very dangerous temptations to a man.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.



Careless prodigals and anxious elders have been from the beginning—and so may love, and repentance, and forgiveness endure even till the end.

The Newcomes, chap. xx.



Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that.

English Humorists — Prior, Gay, and Pope.



Wounds heal rapidly in a heart of two-and-twenty; hopes revive daily; and courage rallies in spite of a man.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. v.



With youth, hope, to-day, and a

THACKERAY

couple of hundred pounds in cash—
no young fellow need despair.

The Virginians, chap. lxxxi.



What money is better bestowed than that of a school-boy's tip? How the kindness is recalled by the recipient in after days: It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

The Newcomes, chap. xvi.



There is scarce any parent, however friendly or tender with his children, but must feel sometimes that they have thoughts which are not his or hers; and wishes and secrets quite beyond the parental control.

The Newcomes, chap. xxi.



Monsieur, mon fils—if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say "I loved him" when the daisies cover me.

Denis Duval, Notes.

YOUTH

Yesterday, in the street, I saw a pair of eyes so like two which used to brighten at my coming once, that the whole past came back, as I walked slowly, in the rush of the Strand, and I was young again in the midst of joys and sorrows, alike sweet and sad, alike sacred and fondly remembered.

*Roundabout Papers — On Some Carp
at San Souci.*



It is curious to watch that facile admiration and simple fidelity of youth. They hang around a leader and wonder at him, and love him, and imitate him.

Pendennis, chap. xviii.



My dear young friend, the profitable way in life is the middle way. Don't quite believe anybody, for he may mislead you; neither disbelieve him, for that is uncomplimentary to your friend. Black is not so very black; and as for

THACKERAY

white, *bon Dieu!* in our climate what paint will remain white long?

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.



The tones of a mother's voice speaking to an infant play the deuce with me somehow; that charming nonsense and tenderness work upon me until I feel like a woman or a great big baby myself.

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



The maternal passion is a sacred mystery to me. What one sees symbolized in the Roman Catholic churches in the image of the Virgin Mother with a bosom bleeding with love I think one may witness (and admire the Almighty Bounty for) every day. I saw a Jewish lady, only yesterday, with a child at her knee, and from whose face toward the child there shone a sweetness so angelical that it seemed to form a sort of glory round both.

Pendennis, chap. xi.

MOTHERHOOD

Do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? Had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses, long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet sense of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?

Catherine, chap. xi.



And so we meet and part; we struggle and succeed; or we fail and drop unknown on the way. As we leave the fond mother's knee, the rough trials of childhood and boyhood begin; and then manhood is upon us, and the battle of life, with its chances, perils, wounds, defeats, distinctions.

Roundabout Papers—On Letts's Diary.



As we go on the down-hill journey the mile-stones are gravestones, and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond man's common age, when friends have dropped

THACKERAY

off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.

Roundabout Papers—On Letts's Diary.



For is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us?

The Newcomes, chap. li.



I think every woman, be she ever so plain, looks beautiful with her baby at her bosom.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, chap. xii.



Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

Vanity Fair, chap. xxxvii.



To see a young couple loving each other is no wonder; but to see an old couple loving each other is the best sight of all.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. xi.



The laugh dies out as we get old, you

OLD AGE

see, but the love and the truth don't,
praised be God.

Letter to Mrs. Proctor.



Ere you be old, learn to love and
pray.

Vanity Fair, chap. xiv.



What! is love sin, that it is so pleasant
at the beginning and so bitter at the
end?

Pendennis, chap. xlvii.



Next to the very young, I suppose the
very old are the most selfish. Alas! the
heart hardens as the blood ceases to run.

The Virginians, chap. lxii.



And so we get to understand truth
better, and grow simpler as we grow
older.

Henry Esmond, Book I, chap. ix.



Who ordered toil as the condition of
life, ordered weariness, ordered sickness,

THACKERAY

ordered poverty, failure, success—to this man a foremost place, to the other a nameless struggle with the crowd—to that a shameful fall, or paralyzed limb, or sudden accident—to each some work upon the ground he stands on, until he is laid beneath it.

Pendennis, chap. xliv.



If the sight of youthful love is pleasant to behold, how much more charming the aspect of the affection that has survived years, sorrows, faded beauty perhaps, and life's doubts, differences, troubles!

The Virginians, chap. xxxiii.



We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world we see.

English Humorists—Swift.



A hundred years ago people of the great world were not so strait-laced as

SOCIETY

they are now, when everybody is good, pure, moral, modest; when there is no skeleton in anybody's closet; when no girl tries to sell herself for wealth, and no mother abets her.

The Virginians, chap. xvii.



To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles, engraven on your coffin?

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. vi.



Society has this good at least: that it lessens our conceit by teaching our insignificance, and making us acquainted with our betters.

The Virginians, chap. xxiii.



If they were not the roses, they lived near the roses, as it were, and had a good deal of the odor of genteel life.

Pendennis, chap. ii.

THACKERAY

There are people upon whom rank and worldly goods make such an impression that they naturally fall down on their knees and worship the owners; there are others to whom the sight of Prosperity is offensive, and who never see Dives' chariot but to growl and hoot at it.

The Newcomes, chap. v.



A Londoner, who sees fresh faces and yawns at them every day, may smile at the eagerness with which country people expect a visitor.

Pendennis, chap. xxii.



Oh Vanity of Vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

Ballads—Vanitas Vanitatum.



O mighty Fate, that over us miserable mortals rulest supreme, with what small means are thy ends effected!

SOCIETY

With what scornful ease and mean instruments does it please thee to govern mankind! Let each man think of the circumstances of his life and how its lot has been determined! The getting up a little earlier or later; the turning down this street or that; the eating of this dish or the other may influence all the years and actions of a future life.

A Shabby Genteel Story, chap. v.



We can apply the snob test to him and try whether he is conceited . . . and proud of his own narrow soul. How does he treat a great man? How regard a small one?

Book of Snobs, Concluding Observations.



He who meanly admires mean things is a snob.

Book of Snobs, chap. ii.



What is sheer hate seems, to the individual entertaining the sentiment, so like indignant virtue, that he often

THACKERAY

indulges in the propensity to the full,
nay, lauds himself for the exercise of it.

The Newcomes, chap. lxiv.



Because an eagle houses on a mountain or soars to the sun, don't you be angry with a sparrow that perches on a garret window or twitters on a twig.

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, chap. v.



If success is rare and slow, everybody knows how quick and easy ruin is.

Vanity Fair, chap. xviii.



I think it is one test of gentility to be looked down on by vulgar people.

A Shabby Genteel Story, chap. i.



Who was the blundering idiot who said that "fine words butter no parsnips"? Half the parsnips of society are served and rendered palatable with no other sauce.

Vanity Fair, chap. xix.

SOCIETY

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and
shift;

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.

The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Ballads—The End of the Play.



Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation
is snobbish. Too great profusion is
snobbish.

The Book of Snobs, chap. xix.



And as the poet has told us how, not
out of a wide landscape merely, or a
sublime expanse of stars, but of any
very humble thing, we may gather the
same delightful reflections, as out of a
small flower, that brings us "thoughts
that too often lie too deep for tears"
—in like manner we do not want grand

pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil—small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated, but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces; and there were many little sketches, not half an inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth, and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition which, as I have been endeavoring to state, is the highest aim of art.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form; a skilful hand is only the second artistic quality worthless without the first, which is a great heart.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.

A R T

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say, look to have your heart touched by them. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is the first; this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy or under any master.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived.

Roundabout Papers—The Last Sketch.



A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together. The sketches invariably kill the pictures; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.

It was a fête day; a mass of Mozart was sung in the evening—not well sung, and yet so exquisitely tender and melodious that it brought tears into our eyes.

Little Travels—Bruges.



There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet, John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's pictures? . . . The truth, the strength, the free vigor, the kind humor, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation.

Critical Reviews — Pictures of Life and Character.



Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty.

The Newcomes, chap. lxv.



In speaking of a work of consummate art, one does not try to show what

A R T

it actually is, for that were vain; but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it.

English Humorists — Prior, Gay, and Pope.



Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



A poet must retire to privy places and meditate his rhymes in secret; a painter can practise his trade in the company of friends.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxix.



I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of over-

THACKERAY

flowing thanksgiving, which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you only see a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas—go a little distance and then you will see how beautiful it is.

Letter to His Mother.



What a marvellous power is this of the painters! How each great man can excite us at his will! What a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it!

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



When I saw the great Venus of the Louvre, I thought—Wert thou alive, O goddess, thou shouldst never open those lovely lips but to speak lowly, slowly; thou shouldst never descend from that pedestal but to walk stately to some near couch, and assume another attitude of beautiful calm.

The Newcomes, chap. xxv.

A R T

The Venus of Milo is the grandest figure of figures. The wave of the lines of the figure, whenever seen, fills my senses with pleasure. What is it which so charms, satisfied one in certain lines?

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctus, esquire of Urbino, he being a young man—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it—a tender yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures.

Critical Reviews—A Pictorial Rhapsody.



Art ought not to be a fever. It ought to be a calm.

The Newcomes, chap. xxii.



But remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as

THACKERAY

poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste.

Memorials of Gormandizing.



In certain minds, art is dominant and superior to all beside—stronger than love, stronger than hate, or care, or penury.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.



I have endured poverty, but scarcely ever found it otherwise than tolerable; had I not undergone it, I never would have known the kindness of friends, the delight of gratitude, the surpassing joys and consolations which sometimes accompany the scant meal and narrow fire, and cheer the long day's labor.

The Virginians, chap. lxxxi.



As you can seldom fashion your tongue to speak a new language after twenty, the heart refuses to receive friendship pretty soon; it gets too hard to yield to the impression.

Pendennis.

FRIENDSHIPS

A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is skeptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music.

English Humorists—Swift.



We are glad to see an old friend, though we do not weep when he leaves. We humbly acknowledge, if fate call us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom.

The Newcomes, chap. xl.



Better to be alone in the world, and utterly friendless, than to have sham friends, and no sympathy.

A Shabby Genteel Story, chap. i.



Dear friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,

However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Ballads—The Pen and The Album.



Fortunate he, however poor, who has

THACKERAY

friends to help and love to console him
in his trials.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxxix.



So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely
killed;

Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.

Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Ballads—The End of the Play.



If you die to-morrow, your dearest
friend will feel a hearty pang of sorrow,
and go to his business as usual.

The Newcomes, chap. lxxv.



Blessing the happy hour when a friend
he knew

So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Ballads—The Pen and The Album.

HEROISM

Whene'er I write your name, may I
write friend!

Ballads—The Pen and The Album.



Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement; here, indeed, is a character to admire and to revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

The Virginians, chap. lxxxvii.



You see there come moments of sorrow after the most brilliant victories; and you conquer and rout the enemy utterly, and then regret that you have fought.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxiii.



In the battle of life, are we all going to try for the honors of championship?

THACKERAY

If we can do our duty, if we can keep our place pretty honorably through the combat, let us say, *Laus Deo!* at the end of it, as the firing ceases, and the night falls over the field.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.



What generals some of us are upon paper; what repartees come to our mind when the talk is finished; and the game over, how well we see how it should have been played!

The Virginians, chap. lxxiv.



But have we not all been misled about our heroes, and changed our opinions a hundred times?

Vanity Fair, chap. lxii.



Think of the dangers these seamen undergo for us; the hourly peril and watch; the familiar storm; the dreadful iceberg; the long winter nights when the decks are as glass, and the sailor has to

HEROISM

climb through icicles to bend the stiff sail on the yard! Think of their courage and their kindness in cold, in tempest, in hunger, in wreck.

Roundabout Papers—On Ribbons.



We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!

Roundabout Papers—Nil Nisi Bonum.



Time out of mind, strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to to-day, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero.

Vanity Fair, chap. xxx.



No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Vanity Fair, chap. xxxii.

THACKERAY

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell mayhap, what greatness is.
*Of Napoleon in The Chronicle of the
Drum.*



A good dinner is the centre of the circle of the social sympathies—it warms acquaintanceship into friendship—it maintains that friendship comfortably, unimpaired; enemies meet over it and are reconciled.

Essays—Greenwich Whitebait.



Sir, *Respect Your Dinner*; idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.

Essays—Memorials of Gormandizing.



Good dinners have been the greatest

GOOD CHEER

vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat.

Essays—Greenwich Whitebait.



What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit: it means a pure heart; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others and a modest opinion of self.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



For my part I never found any harm of castle-building, but a great deal of pleasure.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, chap. ix.



What a deal of grief, care, and other harmful excitement, does a healthy dullness and cheerful insensibility avoid!

Pendennis, chap. xvi.



I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-

comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



There is, however, a cheap and delightful way of travelling that a man may perform in his easy-chair, without expense of passports or post-bags. On the wings of a novel, from the next circulating library, he sends his imagination a-gadding, and gains acquaintance with people and manners whom he could not hope otherwise to know.

The Paris Sketch Book—Some French Fashionable Novels.



And, indeed, when a man travels alone, it is wonderful how little he cares to select his society; how indifferent

TRAVEL — DULNESS

company pleases him; how sorry he is when the time for parting comes, and he has to walk off alone, and begin the friendship hunt over again.

The Irish Sketch Book, chap. x.



How one's thoughts will travel! and how quickly our wishes beget them!

Pendennis, chap. ii.



What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dulness, bellowing common-places with its great, healthy lungs; kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it?

Critical Reviews — On Men and Pictures.



A dullard recognizes no betters; a dullard can't see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing or succeeding, or

THACKERAY

doing right; no qualms for other people's feelings, no respect but for the fool himself.

Men's Wives.



There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure, or correction. Only let a man or woman have dulness sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority.

Men's Wives.



And the great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself.

Men's Wives.



A Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's.

Charity and Humor.



Men are ostentatious, but charitable, too. The very fact of giving away large

CHARITY AND HUMOR

sums for ostentation's sake must generate a feeling of kindness.

A St. Philip's Day at Paris.



Oh, glorious, god-like privilege of wealth, to make the wretched happy!

A St. Philip's Day at Paris.



Humor! if tears are the alms of the gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities—of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know of no such provocative as humor.

Charity and Humor.



Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she has refreshed myriads more from her natural founts than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Charity and Humor.



For of all diets, good humor is the most easy of digestion; if it does not

THACKERAY

create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire.

Critical Reviews—A Box of Novels.



Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited; that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian.

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



. . . but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Critical Reviews.



The satire of people who have little natural humor is seldom good sport for bystanders.

The Virginians, chap. xiii.



The best criterion of good humor is success, and what a share of this has

DAY AND NIGHT

Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy!

Critical Reviews—George Cruikshank.



The rose upon my balcony the morning
air perfuming,

Was leafless all the winter-time and
pining for the spring;

You ask me why her breath is sweet,
and why her cheek is blooming;

It is because the sun is out and the
birds begin to sing.

Ballads—The Rose Upon My Balcony.



And when its force expended,

The harmless storm was ended,

And as the sunrise splendid,

Came blushing o'er the sea,

I thought as day was breaking,

My little girls were waking,

And smiling, and making

A prayer at home for me.

Ballads—The White Squall.



And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor,

THACKERAY

with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature wakens and brightens.

The Kickleburys on the Rhine.



It is night now; and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick-chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An

DAY AND NIGHT

awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.



Which of us has not his anxiety instantly present when his eyes are opened, to it and to the world, after his night's sleep? Kind strengthener that enables us to face the day's task with renewed heart! Beautiful ordinance of Providence that creates rest as it awards labor!

Pendennis, chap. lvii.



O night, what tears you hide—what prayers you hear! And so the nights pass and the days succeed, until one comes when the tears and parting shall be no more.

Roundabout Papers—On Letts's Diary.



Oh! the whole world throbs with vain heart-pangs, and tosses and heaves with

THACKERAY

longing unfulfilled desires! All night, and all over the world, bitter tears are dropping as regular as the dew, and cruel memories are haunting the pillows.

Lovel the Widower, chap. iv.



I don't like to think of you half so sad as your verses. I like some of them very much indeed, especially the little tender bits. All the allusions to children are full of a sweet natural compassionate-ness; and you sit in your poems like a gray nun with three or four little prattlers nestling around your knees.

Letter to Adelaide Proctor.



To save be your endeavor, too, against the night's coming when no man may work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labor; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labor no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

Roundabout Papers—A Joke from the Late Thomas Hood.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go home with as clean a heart as may be: may these be all yours and ours by God's will.

Critical Reviews—Laman Blanchard.



Some poet has observed that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life he would be sure to make a good book, though he never met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial.

The Fatal Boots.



But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no theme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship, he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours.

Roundabout Papers—Nil Nisi Bonum.

THACKERAY

Alfred Tennyson, if he can't make you like him, will make you admire him—he seems to me to have the cachet of a great man; his conversation is often delightful, I think, full of breadth, manliness, and humor.

Letter to Mrs. Proctor.



One reads in the magic story-books of a charm or a flower which the wizard gives, and which enables the bearer to see the fairies. O enchanting boon of Nature, which reveals to the possessor the hidden spirits of beauty round about him! spirits which the strongest and most gifted masters compel into painting or song.

The Newcomes, chap. xi.



An immense genius; an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling.

English Humorists—Swift.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Those who knew Lord Macaulay, knew how admirably tender and generous and affectionate he was. Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned; how he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it.

Roundabout Papers—Nil Nisi Bonum.



Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a *man*. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art.

Preface to Pendennis.



Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love

THACKERAY

to recognize in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

English Humorists — Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding.



Ah, ye knights of the pen! may honor be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out, sword, and have at him!

Roundabout Papers—Ogres.



An English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or princes' favor—I mean Robert Southey.—*The Four Georges.*



Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian,

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps! All good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won.

The Dignity of Literature



Montaigne and Howell's letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or another to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again.

Roundabout Papers — On Two Children in Black.



As I was talking with Brookfield last night about our dear, kind, gentle boy, Harry Hallam, who had the sweetest qualities and the most loving heart, and who when I was ill last year showed me

THACKERAY

the most kind and delicate proofs of affection and sympathy. . . . He came a hundred miles last year to offer me money in case I should be in want; he came down to see me at Brighton and gave me his arm for my first walk—and lo!—he's gone. This seems very incoherent—I don't know why the words came to me, and seem like an insult on poor Harry's grave—and I don't know why I should begin talking to you in this way answering a note to dinner, but we dine and we die, don't we? and we get suddenly stopped on the highroad by a funeral crossing it.

Letters.



Love and pleasure find singers in all days. Roses are always blowing and fading.

English Humorists — Prior, Gay, and Pope.



The Congreve muse is dead and her song choked in time's ashes. We gaze

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

at the skeleton and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins.

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



With a five and twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentleman-like than that of the dear little Saxon City where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Critical Reviews—Goethe in His Old Age.



Through life he always seems alone somehow. Goethe was so. The giants must live apart.

English Humorists—Swift.



That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness,

THACKERAY

without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us nobly?

Charity and Humor.



About all these heroes of Scott, what a manly bloom there is, and honorable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their position of hero, and as it were to say "since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple, courageous, not too clever. If I were a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Walter-Scott-hero sort.

Roundabout Papers — On a Peal of Bells.



I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer—*viz.*, Leather Stocking, Uncas, Great Heart, Tom Coffin—are quite the equals of Scott's men; per-

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

haps Leather Stocking is better than any one in "Scott's lot."

Roundabout Papers—On a Peal of Bells.



La Longue Carobine is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Tobey, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.

Roundabout Papers—On a Peal of Bells.



Oh, for a half-holiday and a quiet corner and one of those books again! Those books and perhaps those eyes with which to read them.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.



If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.

THACKERAY

Have you got anything so good and kindly as dear Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*? I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now were I to meet the little book.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.



The boy critic loves the story; grown up, he loves the author who wrote it.

Roundabout Papers—De Juventute.



And I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had.

Letter to Edward Fitzgerald.



Dogs and horses are very good books, too, in their way, and we may read a deal of truth out of 'em.

The Virginians, chap. xxiv.



We are living in the nineteenth century; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again; and sinned and repented,

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own heart exuberated with human kindness.

English Humorists—Steele.



When a gentleman is cudgelling his brain to find any rhyme for "sorrow" besides, "borrow" and "to-morrow," his woes are nearer at an end than he thinks for.

Pendennis, chap. xi.



In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woebegone at others, such a natural good creature, that the Giants loved him.

English Humorists—Prior, Gay, and Pope.

THACKERAY

It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honor to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. . . . The male society passed over their punch-bowls and tobacco-pipes about as much time as ladies of that age spent over spadille and manille.

English Humorists—Prior, Gay, and Pope.



Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation), present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth.

Roundabout Papers—De Finibus.



To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's.

English Humorists—Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

The literary profession is not held in disrepute; nobody wants to disparage it, no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it.

The Dignity of Literature.



He came, the gentle satirist who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name.

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!

Pendennis, chap. xli.

THACKERAY

I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face.

English Humorists.



Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses: to succor with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

English Humorists—Goldsmith.



O brother wearers of the motley!
Are there not moments when one
grows sick of grinning and tumbling,
and the jingling of cap and bells?

Vanity Fair, chap. xix.



I was thinking of our acquaintance
the other day, and how it has been

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

marked on your part by constant kindnesses.

Letter to Richard Moncton Milnes.



Have you read *David Copperfield*, by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humor—and I should call humor, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius?

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.



I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' art; a thousand and a thousand times I delight and wonder at his genius.

Charity and Humor.



You who can smash the idols, do so with a good courage; but do not be too fierce with the idolators—they worship the best thing they know.

Pendennis, chap. xlv.

THACKERAY

O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant, old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours.

Roundabout Papers—On a Lazy Idle Boy.



A man in life, a humorist, in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side.

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



What an awful responsibility hanging on an author! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May truth and love guide such a man always!

Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Mind there is always a certain cachet about great men—they may be as mean on many points as you and I, but they carry their great air—they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do.

English Humorists—Prior, Gay, and Pope.



We are now come to the greatest name on our list, the highest among the English wits and humorists with whom we have to rank him. In thinking of the splendor of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thought from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object

THACKERAY

which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of nature.

English Humorists—Prior, Gay, and Pope.



It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer.

Charity and Humor.



Long, long through the hour and the
night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old
friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend,
and me.

Ballads—The Cane-Bottomed Chair.



The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

English Humorists—Sterne.



Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people these cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I daresay you might have found him reading sentimental novels, and whimpering in his bath-tub.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxix.



A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money.

English Humorists — Sterne and Goldsmith.



Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—

THACKERAY

almost all women—a vast number of clever hard-headed men.

Roundabout Papers—On a Lazy Idle Boy.



Prior's seems to me among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind, and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy turns and melody, his loves and his epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master.

English Humorists—Prior, Gay, and Pope.



Let no young people be misled and rush fatally into romance writing: for one book that succeeds let them remember the many that fail, I do not say deservedly or otherwise, and whole-somely abstain.

Pendennis, chap. xli.

[112]

THE DRAMA

He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute and his courage steady.

English Humorists—Smollett.



Which of us has not idle words to recall, flippant jokes to regret?

Roundabout Papers—On Screens in Dining-room.



How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor?

English Humorists — Sterne and Goldsmith.



Are not comedies and tragedies daily performed before us of which we understand neither the fun nor the pathos?

The Virginians, chap. lxi.



Why, what tragedies, comedies, interludes, intrigues, farces, are going on

THACKERAY

under our noses, in friends' drawing-rooms, where we visit every day, and we remain utterly ignorant, self-satisfied, and blind.

The Virginians, chap. xxiii.



You see tragedies in some people's faces.

The Newcomes, chap. xxiii.



I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare — the good old comedies and farces — the dear good old melodramas.

Contributions to Punch — A Brighton Night Entertainment.



The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his
say,

LETTERS

He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

Ballads—The End of The Play.



Of what use keeping letters? I say
burn, burn, burn.

Philip, chap. xviii.



You open an old letter-box and look
at your own childish scrawls, or your
mother's letters to you when you were
at school; and excavate your heart.

The Newcomes, chap. xxviii.



Esmond came to this spot in one
sunny evening of spring, and saw,
amid a thousand black crosses, casting
their shadows across the grassy mounds,
that particular one which marked his
mother's resting-place. Many more of
these poor creatures that lay there had
adopted that same name, with which
sorrow had rebaptized her, and which
fondly seemed to hint their individual
story of love and grief. He fancied

THACKERAY

her in tears and darkness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down, and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow so much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. To this cross she brought them; for this heavenly bridegroom she exchanged the husband who had left her. A thousand such hillocks lay round about, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and requiescat. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping sister's bedside (so fresh made that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof opposite, and lit first on a cross and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

leaf in its mouth. There came a sound as of chanting, from the chapel of the sisters hard by; others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall, and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation. Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's as the heaven is; we are alike his creatures here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way, like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death; tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble! I felt as one who had been walking below the sea and treading amid the bones of shipwrecks.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. xiii.



Who says the world is all cold? There

is the sun and the shadows. And the Heaven which ordains poverty and sickness, sends pity, and love, and succor.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xli.



And what has this to do with half-crowns, good or bad? Ah friend! may our coin, battered and chipped, and defaced though it be, be proved to be Sterling Silver on the day of the Great Assay!

Roundabout Papers—On a Medal of George the Fourth.



They say our words, once out of our lips, go travelling *in omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Roundabout Papers — The Last Sketch.



Parting is death—at least, as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or weeping, in a postchaise; it drops out of life one way or other; and the earth-clods close over it and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal.

The Newcomes, chap. xv.



The leopard follows her nature as the lamb does, and acts under leopard law; she can neither help her beauty, nor her courage, nor her cruelty; nor a single spot of her shining coat; nor the conquering spirit which impels her; nor the shot which brings her down.

Henry Esmond, Book III., chap. vii.



If love lives through all life, and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and if we die, depletes us forever, and loves still equally, and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with

THACKERAY

the pure soul, beyond death, surely it shall be immortal!

The Newcomes, chap. xlvi.



Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone. Except for the young or very happy, I can't say I am sorry for any one who dies.

Letter to Mrs. Proctor.



The great moments in life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes; a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

Pendennis, chap. lxxiv.



As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the weariness and sameness of shaving, the agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

heir, I cheerfully say for one, I am not anxious to wear it forever.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. lxi.



I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated.

The Four Georges.



Make a faith or a dogma absolute, and persecution becomes a logical consequence.

Pendennis, chap. lxv.



Helen whispered, "Come away, Arthur—not here—I want to ask my child to forgive me—and—and my God to forgive me; and to bless you, and love you, my son."

He led her, tottering, into her room, and closed the door, as the three touched spectators of the reconciliation looked on in pleased silence. Ever after,

ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear—the look of the sacred eyes beaming with an affection unutterable—the quiver of the fond lips smiling mournfully—were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother's face looked down upon him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it in that night when she yet lingered with him; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel, transfigured and glorified with love, for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank Our Father.

The moon had risen by this time; Arthur recollected well afterward how it lighted up his mother's sweet, pale face. Their talk, or his rather, for she scarcely could speak, was more tender and confidential than it had been for years before. As they were talking the

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom, at that hour, and hear him say, Our Father. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words "for ever and ever" and "amen."

A little time after, it might have been a quarter of an hour, Laura heard Arthur's voice calling from within, "Laura! Laura!" She rushed into the room instantly, and found the young man on his knees, and holding his mother's hand. . . . The tender heart beat no more; it was to have no more pangs, no more griefs and trials. Its

THACKERAY

last throb was love; and Helen's last breath was benediction.

Pendennis, chap. lvii.



Our great thoughts, our great affections, the Truths of our life, never leave us.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. vi.



Is memory as strong as expectancy? fruition, as hunger? gratitude, as desire?

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. vii.



Every one of us in every fact, book, circumstance of life, sees a different meaning and moral, and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other, and say "Our Father."

Letter to His Daughter Anne.



I doubt whether the wisest of us know what our own motives are, and whether some of the actions of which we are the very proudest will not surprise

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

us when we trace them, as we shall one day, to their source.

Pendennis, chap. xxx.



Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of these two vestments can nobody preach it?

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



The wicked are wicked no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?

The Newcomes, chap. xx.



If identity survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, chap. iv.

THACKERAY

The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal waking.

Pendennis, chap. xix.



Oh! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or having it, is satisfied?

Vanity Fair, chap. lxvii.



"There must be classes—there must be rich and poor" Dives says, smacking his claret—(it is well if he even sends the broken meat out to Lazarus sitting under the window). Very true; but think how mysterious and often unaccountable it is—that lottery of life, which gives to this man the purple and fine linen, and sends to the other rags for garments and dogs for comforters.

Vanity Fair, chap. lvii.



In a word, we carry our own burden in the world; push and struggle along on our own affairs; are pinched by our

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

own shoes—though Heaven forbid we should not stop and forget ourselves sometimes when a friend cries out in his distress, or we can help a poor stricken wanderer on his way.

The Newcomes, chap. lxxiv.



If our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance too?

Roundabout Papers—The Last Sketch.



At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used

THACKERAY

at school, when names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

The Newcomes, chap. lxxx.



Ah, gracious Heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramp, and rheumatism!

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxxii.



O, blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits!

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vii.



The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering, there would have been less kindness.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxv.



At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks, and look

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

back on those times, as on great gaps between the old life and the new.

Henry Esmond, Book II, chap. i.



It is only in later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love are spent and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress.

The Newcomes, chap. xx.



Friends and children of our race, who come after me, in which way will you bear your trials? I know one that prays God will give you love, rather than pride, and that the Eye all-seeing shall find you in the humble place.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. vii.



So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored by how many?—to be remembered how long? to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure?—yet for a day or

THACKERAY

two, while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it.

The Newcomes, chap. lxxx.



So each, in his fashion, and after his kind, is bowing down and adoring the Father who is equally above all. Care not, you brother or sister, if your neighbor's voice is not like yours; only hope that his words are honest as far as may be, and his heart humble and thankful.

Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.



Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate; can't you fancy sailing into the calm?

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



So night and day pass away, and tomorrow comes, and our place knows us not.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. vi.

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

Oh, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

Ballads—To a Very Old Woman.



I protest the great ills of life are nothing—the loss of your fortune is a mere flea-bite, the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it, and married comfortably afterward? It is not what you lose but what you have daily to bear that is hard.

The Newcomes, chap. xl.



I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings.

Denis Duval, chap. vi.



The bounties of the Father I believe to be countless and inexhaustible for most of us here in life: Love, the great-

THACKERAY

est. Art (which is an exquisite sense of nature), the next.

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



Ask of your own hearts and memories, brother and sister, if we do not live in the dead; and (to speak reverently) prove God by love?

Pendennis, chap. lxi.



Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?

The Newcomes, chap. 1.



I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining.

Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.



O friend, in your life and mine, don't we light upon such sermons daily—don't we see at home as well as among our neighbors that battle betwixt Evil

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

and Good? Here on one side is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other.

The Newcomes, chap. xxxviii.



The ears may no longer hear which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be to a gravestone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears.

The Newcomes, chap. xx.



Ah, pangs of hearts torn asunder, passionate regrets, cruel, cruel partings! Shall you not end one day, ere many years: when the tears shall be washed from all eyes and there shall be neither pain nor sorrows?

The Newcomes, chap. xxvi.

THACKERAY

We may grow old, but to us some stories never are old. On a sudden they rise up, not dead, but living—not forgotten, but freshly remembered. The eyes gleam on us as they used to do. The dear voice thrills in our hearts. The rapture of the meeting, the terrible, terrible parting, again and again the tragedy is acted over.

Roundabout Papers—On Some Carp at San Souci.



Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii?

The Newcomes, chap. xxviii.



Whose life is not a disappointment? Who carries his heart entire to the grave without a mutilation? I never knew anybody who was happy quite, or who had not to ransom himself out of the hands of Fate with the fragment of some dearest treasure or other.

Pendennis, chap. lxxx.

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

So the generations of men pass away and are called, rank after rank, by the Divine Goodness out of the reach of time and age, and grief and struggle and parting, leaving these to their successors, who go through their appointed world-work, and are resumed presently by the Awful Power of us all, Whose will is done on earth as it is in heaven, and Whose kingdom and glory are for ever and ever.

Letter to Miss Charlotte Ritchie.



We forget nothing. The memory sleeps, but wakens again; I often think how it shall be when, after the last sleep of death, the reveille shall arouse us forever, and the past in one flash of self-consciousness rush back, like the soul revived.

Henry Esmond, Book III, chap. vii.



There is life and death going on in everything; truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring

THACKERAY

against self-constraint. Doubt is always crying "Psha!" and sneering.

English Humorists — Congreve and Addison.



Does it strengthen a man in his own creed to hear his neighbor's belief abused?

Irish Sketch Book, chap. xxv.



If we only got what we deserved—Heaven save us!—many of us might whistle for a dinner.

Irish Sketch Book, chap. i.



Dare, and the world always yields; or if it beat you sometimes, dare again, and it will succumb.

The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, chap. xiii.



It is a thought, to me, awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in

LIFE AND THE HEREAFTER

care, and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xxxv.



Kind readers all, may your sorrows, may mine, leave us with hearts not embittered, and humbly acquiescent to the Great Will!

The Adventures of Philip, chap. cxl.



What boots whether it be Westminster or a little country spire which covers your ashes, or if, a few days sooner or later, the world forgets you?

Pendennis, chap. xviii.



That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes, and we say, to-morrow success or failure won't matter much; and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work, or to their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil.

Vanity Fair, chap. lxi.

THACKERAY

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear,
Weather without,
Sheltered about,
The Mahogany Tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the day wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid me to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree.

Ballads—The Mahogany Tree.



Who was born on Christmas Day?
Somebody who is so great, that all the
world worships Him; and so good, that
all the world loves Him; and so gentle
and humble, that He never spoke an
unkind word.

Letter to His Daughter Anne.



May we have more of them; more
pleasant Christmas volumes, over which
we and our children can laugh together.
Can we have too much of truth, and fun,
and beauty, and kindness?

Critical Reviews.

THACKERAY

Suppose there be holidays; is there not work-time too? Suppose to-day is feast day, may not tears and repentance come to-morrow?

The Adventures of Philip, chap. vi.



My song, save this is little worth—

I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and
mirth,

As fits the solemn Christmastide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth.
To men of gentle will.

Ballads—The End of the Play.



Good-night, friends, old and young!
The night will fall; the stories must end;
and the best friends must part.

The Adventures of Philip, chap. xlii.

INDEX

OF FIRST LINES

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>A COMFORTABLE career of prosperity, 38.</p> <p>A day in which one sees a very pretty woman, 8.</p> <p>A dullard recognizes no betters, 85.</p> <p>A friend, can one find a truer, 4.</p> <p>A good dinner is the centre, 82.</p> <p>A house with a wife, 41.</p> <p>A hundred years ago people, 64.</p> <p>A Londoner who sees fresh faces, 66.</p> <p>A man gets his own experience about women, 55.</p> <p>A man in life, a humorist, 108.</p> <p>A man is seldom more manly, 23.</p> | <p>A man only begins to know women, 8.</p> <p>A man who has been a-pleasuring, 35.</p> <p>A man will lay down his head, 25.</p> <p>A man's sketches and his pictures, 71.</p> <p>A perfectly honest woman, 11.</p> <p>A perilous trade indeed, 111.</p> <p>A person always ready to fight is, 30.</p> <p>A Pharisee may put pieces of gold, 86.</p> <p>A poet must retire to privy places, 73.</p> <p>A single man who has health, 20.</p> <p>A weary heart gets no gladness, 77.</p> <p>A young fellow cannot be cast down, 53.</p> |
|--|--|

THACKERAY

About all those heroes
of Scott, 100.

Accusations of ingratitude, 15.

Ah, Chloe! To be
good, 43.

Ah! dear me, we are
most of us very
lonely, 44.

Ah, gracious Heaven
gives us eyes, 128.

Ah me! how quick the
days are flitting, 44.

Ah me! we wound, 10.

Ah, my worthy friends,
you little know, 111.

Ah! no man knows his
strength, 31.

Ah, pangs of hearts
torn asunder, 133.

Ah, sir—a distinct uni-
verse walks, 18.

Ah, ye knights of the
pen! 96.

Alfred Tennyson, if
he can't make you
like him, 94.

All good women are
matchmakers, 48.

All good women, you
know, are, 44.

An English worthy,
doing his duty, 96.

An immense genius; an
awful downfall, 94.

And as the poet has
told us how, 69.

And he who has suf-
fered as a child, 52.

And however old and
toothless, 15.

And I should like my
daughters to remem-
ber, 102.

And if I might be al-
lowed to give a hint
to amateurs, 71.

And if, in time of
sacred youth, 56.

And in the world, as
in the school, 69.

And indeed, when a
man travels alone, 84.

And so, in the hour of
their pain, 43.

And so indeed Nature
does make some gen-
tlemen, 35.

And so there are other
glittering baubles,
36.

And so we get to un-
derstand, 63.

And so we meet and
part, 61.

And that is a point
whereon . . . many
a gentleman, 40.

And the great quality
of dulness is, 86.

INDEX

- And what has this to do with half-crowns, 118.
- And when, its force expended, 89.
- And who, pray, was Agnes, 7.
- And yet there is one day, 50.
- And young fellows are honest, and merry, 54.
- Are not comedies and tragedies daily performed, 113.
- Art is truth, and truth is, 72.
- Art ought not to be a fever, 75.
- As a man who has long since left off being amused, 51.
- As for good women, 3.
- As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, 120.
- As I was talking . . . about Harry Hal-lam, 97.
- As the gambler said of his dice, 9.
- As the poet has ob-served, "Those only," 23.
- As we go on the down-hill journey, 61.
- As you can seldom fashion your tongue to speak a new lan-guage, 76.
- Ask of your own hearts, 132.
- At certain periods of life we live years of emotion, 128.
- At the usual evening hour the chapel bell, 127.
- Be sure, sir, that idle bread, 24.
- Because an eagle houses, 68.
- Because you and I are epicures, 21.
- Before and since Mr. Franklin, 36.
- Beside the old hall-fire, 50.
- Better to be alone in the world, 77.
- Blessed he — blessed though . . . unde-serving, 40.
- Blessing the happy hour, 78.
- But almost every man . . . has the hap-piness, 8.

THACKERAY

But don't you acknowledge that the sight of, 47.

But fortune good or ill . . . does not change, 35.

But have we not all been misled, 80.

But I do respect, admire, 4.

But love seems to survive life, 35.

But only true love lives after you, 45.

But remember that every man who has been worth a fig, 75.

But the good Irving, the peaceful, 93.

But the most sublime . . . sight in all Nature, 25.

But there are moments when the tenderest woman, 6.

But what, what is memory? 38.

But when angered, the rest of us, 13.

By pushing steadily . . . people will yield, 26.

CANST thou . . . count upon the fidelity, 9.

Careless prodigals and anxious elders, 57.

Christmas is here (*The Mahogany Tree*), 138.

Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure, 132.

Cultivate, kindly reader, those friendships, 53.

DARE, and the world always yields, 136.

Dear friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit, 77.

Did you ever hear or read four words, 32.

Do not you, as a boy, remember, 61.

Do what I will, be innocent, 26.

Does any man who has written a book, 96.

Does it strengthen a man, 136.

ERE you be old, learn to love, 63.

Esmond came to this spot, 115.

INDEX

- Every man . . . must remember with kindness, 29.
- Every one of us in every fact, . . . sees, etc., 124.
- FEW fond women feel money - distressed, 45.
- For a woman all soul, 6.
- For my part, I believe that remorse, 28.
- For my part, I never found any harm of castle-building, 83.
- For is not a young mother, 62.
- For of all diets, good humor, 87.
- Fortunate he, however poor, 77.
- Friends and children of our race, 129.
- From the loss of a tooth to that, 46.
- Good dinners have been the greatest, 83.
- Good - night, friends, old and young, 140.
- HAPPY it is to love, 11.
- Happy! who is happy? 41.
- Have you got anything so good . . . as dear Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, 102.
- Have you read *David Copperfield*, 107.
- He came, the gentle satirist, 105.
- He fought a thousand glorious wars, 82.
- He is so insufferably affable, 29.
- He is such an ass and so respectable, 25.
- He was oppressed by illness, age, 113.
- He was thinking what a mockery, 19.
- He who meanly admires mean things, 67.
- Helen whispered, "Come away," 121.
- His affection is part of his life, 30.
- His courtesy was not put on, 54.
- How happy he whose foot, 16.
- How much of the paint and emphasis, 113.

THACKERAY

- | | |
|--|---|
| How often have we called our judge, 27. | I have known men of lax faith, 131. |
| How one's thoughts will travel! 85. | I have to own that I think the heroes, 100. |
| Humor! humor is the mistress of tears, 87. | I know there is nothing like a knowledge, 23. |
| Humor! if tears are the alms, 87. | I like to think of a well-nurtured boy, 49. |
| I ALWAYS think the invention of toys, 51. | I like to think that there is no man but has, 31. |
| I believe a man forgets nothing, 38. | I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' art, 107. |
| I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right, 121. | I protest the great ills of life are nothing, 131. |
| I can have first-rate tragedy in London, 114. | I say, lucky is the man, 21. |
| I cannot help telling the truth, 2. | I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black, 106. |
| I do think some women almost, 5. | I smart the cruel smart again, 52. |
| I don't like to think of you half so sad, 92. | I think every woman . . . looks beautiful, 62. |
| I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, 132. | I think happiness is as good as prayers, 73. |
| I doubt whether the wisest of us know, 124. | I think it is one test of gentility, 68. |
| I have endured poverty, 76. | |

INDEX

- | | |
|---|---|
| I think you have in
your breast, 73. | If you die to-morrow,
78. |
| I vow and believe that
the cigar, 83. | If your neighbor's foot
obstructs you, 13. |
| I was thinking of our
acquaintance, 106. | In a word, we carry
our own burden,
126. |
| I wonder are our
women more virtu-
ous, 3. | In certain minds, art
is dominant, 76. |
| If a man is in grief
who cheers, 6. | In our transatlantic
country we have, 39. |
| If I choose to pass
over an injury, 14. | In speaking of a work
of art, 72. |
| If identity survives
the grave, 125. | In spite of his brag
and boast, 56. |
| If love lies through
all life, 119. | In the battle of life,
are we all, 79. |
| If our bad unspoken
thoughts, 127. | In the name of my
wife I write, 40. |
| If success is rare and
slow, 68. | In the portraits of the
literary worthies,
103. |
| If the best men do
not draw the great
prizes, 17. | Indeed, calamity is
welcome, 40. |
| If the secret history of
books, 105. | Indeed, what can be
more provoking, 41. |
| If the sight of youth-
ful love, 64. | Is memory as strong
as expectancy, 124. |
| If they were not the
roses, they lived,
65. | Is the glory of Heaven
to be sung only by,
125. |
| If we only got what
we deserved, 136. | Isn't it strange that
in the midst, 22. |
| If we still love those
we lose, 46. | It costs a gentleman
no sacrifice, 10. |

THACKERAY

- It is a sad thing to think that a man . . . is a humbug, 18.
- It is a thought, to me, awful, 136.
- It is best to love wisely, no doubt, 45.
- It is curious to watch that facile admiration, 59.
- It is night now; and here is home, 90.
- It is only in later days . . . that we remember, 129.
- It is recorded that the beaux . . . thought it a great honor, 104.
- It is the pretty face, 7.
- It was a fête day; a mass, 72.
- It was the first step in life, 19.
- KIND readers all, may your sorrows, 137.
- Kindnesses are easily forgotten, 19.
- LA LONGUE CAROBINE is one of the great, 101.
- Leave him occasional-ly alone, my good madame, 51.
- Let no young people be misled, 112.
- Let us be thankful for our race, 9.
- Long, long through the hour and the night and the chimes, 110.
- Love and pleasure find singers, 98.
- Lucky for you . . . pure hearts pity, 14.
- MAKE a faith by a dogma absolute, 121.
- . . . many a day passes without a good joke, 88.
- Many a man and woman have been . . . worshipped, 130.
- Many a man fails, 31.
- Many a young couple of spendthrifts, 42.
- May we have more of them, 139.
- Men are ostentatious, 86.
- Men have all sorts of motives, 24.
- Men serve women kneeling, 13.

INDEX

- Might I give counsel
to any young hear-
er, 57.
- Mind, there is always
a certain cachet
about great men,
109.
- Monsieur mon fils*, if
ever you marry, 58.
- Montaigne and
Howell's letters, 97.
- Most of us play with
edged tools, 31.
- Mother is the name
for God, 62.
- My dear nephew, as I
grow old, 4.
- My dear young friend,
the profitable way,
59.
- My song, save this, is
little worth, 140.
- NATURE has written
a letter of credit, 21.
- Nature meant very
gently by women, 8.
- Next to the very
young, I suppose,
63.
- No Irishman ever
gave, 16.
- No more firing was
heard at Brussels, 81.
- Novels are sweets, 111.
- Now as Nature made
every man, 16.
- O, BE humble, my
brother, 37.
- O blessed they on
whose pillow, 128.
- O brother wearers of
the motley! 106.
- O Dumas! O thou
brave, 108.
- O friend, in your life
and mine, 132.
- O mighty fate, that
over us, 66.
- O night, what tears
you hide, 91.
- O Vanity of Vanities!
66.
- Of course, every duti-
ful man tells, 47.
- Of what use keeping
letters? 115.
- Oh, for a half-holiday,
101.
- Oh, glorious, god-like
privilege, 87.
- Oh! the whole world
throbs, 91.
- Oh! *Vanitas Vanita-
tum!* 126.
- One man goes over
the ice, 27.
- One reads in the magic
story-books, 94.

THACKERAY

- Only to two or three persons . . . are the reminiscences, 46.
- Our great thoughts, our great affections, 124.
- Out of our stormy life, 130.
- PARTING is death, 118.
- Perhaps he had a love affair in early life, 54.
- Perhaps . . . it may be that Raphael, 73.
- Poverty is a bully, 39.
- Prior's seems to me among the easiest, 112.
- SAY it is a dream, 22.
- Sin in man is so light, 29.
- Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, 95.
- Sir, *Respect Your Dinner*, 82.
- So a man dashes a fine vase, 26.
- So each in his own fashion . . . is bowing down, 130.
- So each shall mourn, in life's advance, 78.
- So it is that what is grand, 29.
- So night and day pass away, 130.
- So, one day, shall the names of all of us, 129.
- So the generations of men pass, 135.
- Society has this good, at least, 65.
- Some boys have the complaint of love, 55.
- Some day our spirits . . . may walk in galleries, 71.
- Some poet has observed, 93.
- Some there be who have been married, 42.
- Stinginess is snobbish, 69.
- Stranger! I never writ a flattery, 2.
- Stupid people . . . are always pompous, 88.
- Such a brave and gentle heart, 95.
- Suppose Eve had not eaten, 6.
- Suppose there be holidays, 140.

INDEX

- Sure, love *vincit omnia*, 46.
- Sure, occasion is the father, 55.
- Surely a fine furious temper, 24.
- Surely no man can have better claims, 49.
- THAT astonishing poem, . . . the "Bridge of Sighs," 99.
- That must be a strange feeling when, 137.
- The best criterion of good humor is success, 88.
- The blessed gift of pleasing, 7.
- The book of female logic is blotted, 5.
- The bounties of the Father I believe, 131.
- The boy critic loves the story, 102.
- The Congreve muse is dead, 98.
- The delusion is better than the truth, 126.
- The ears may no longer hear, 133.
- The enjoyments of boyish fancy, 49.
- The great moments in life, 120.
- The great world . . . detects a pretender, 20.
- The incidents of life, and love-making, 45.
- The laugh dies out as we get old, 62.
- The leopard follows her nature, 119.
- The literary profession, 105.
- The little ills of life are the hardest, 13.
- The man is a great jester, 110.
- The maternal passion is a sacred mystery, 60.
- The pipe draws wisdom from the lips, 84.
- The play is done; the curtain drops, 114.
- The rose upon my balcony, 89.
- The satire of people who have little natural humor, 88.
- The tones of a mother's voice, 60.

THACKERAY

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>The Venus of Milo is the grandest, 75.</p> <p>The wicked are wicked, no doubt, 125.</p> <p>The women can master us, 8.</p> <p>The world deals good-naturedly, 22.</p> <p>The world is a looking-glass, 23.</p> <p>The world is full of love and pity, 128.</p> <p>The world is so wide, 18.</p> <p>The world, it is pleasant to think, 20.</p> <p>There are people upon whom rank, 66.</p> <p>There are people who in their youth, 55.</p> <p>There are some natures, 22.</p> <p>There are some who never can pardon, 25.</p> <p>There is a certain sort of man, 38.</p> <p>There is . . . a cheap and delightful way of travelling, 84.</p> <p>There is a higher ingredient in beauty, 70.</p> <p>There is a quality . . . which is above all advice, 86.</p> | <p>There is life and death going on, 135.</p> <p>There is no blinking the fact that . . . John Leech, 72.</p> <p>There's pity and love, 46.</p> <p>There is scarce any parent, however friendly, 58.</p> <p>There is scarce any thoughtful man, 37.</p> <p>There's some particular prize, 21.</p> <p>"There must be classes," 126.</p> <p>They call that room the nursery, 49.</p> <p>They live together and they dine, 42.</p> <p>They say our words . . . go travelling, 118.</p> <p>Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, 106.</p> <p>Think of the dangers these seamen undergo, 80.</p> <p>This lady, I believe, would have abandoned, 10.</p> <p>This only we will say, that a good woman, 12.</p> |
|---|---|

INDEX

- Those we love can but walk down, 120.
- Those who knew Lord Macaulay, 95.
- Through life he always seems alone, 99.
- Time out of mind, strength and courage have been, 81.
- 'Tis an error . . . to talk of the simplicity of youth, 53.
- 'Tis misfortune that awakens ingenuity, 32.
- 'Tis strange what a man may do, 3.
- To be beautiful is enough, 5.
- To be doing good for some one else, 5.
- To be rich, to be famous? 65.
- To be young, to be good-looking, 56.
- To-day is for the happy, 37.
- To do your work honestly, 93.
- To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power, 54.
- To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, 104.
- To save be your endeavor, 92.
- To see a young couple loving each other, 62.
- True love is better than glory, 47.
- WARM friendship and thorough esteem, 47.
- Washington inspiring order, 79.
- We all hide from one another, 17.
- We are glad to see an old friend, 77.
- We are living in the nineteenth century, 102.
- We are now come to the greatest name, 109.
- We can apply the snob test to him, 67.
- We forget nothing, 135.
- We have all heard of the dying French Duchess, 12.
- We may grow old, but to us some stories, 134.
- We may not win the baton, 81.

THACKERAY

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>We perceive in every man's life, 16.</p> <p>We view the world with our own eyes, 64.</p> <p>Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions, 34.</p> <p>What a deal of grief, care, 83.</p> <p>What a marvellous power is this of the painters! 74.</p> <p>What a privilege some men have, 30.</p> <p>What an awful responsibility, 108.</p> <p>What boots it whether it be Westminster, 137.</p> <p>What character of what great man, 28.</p> <p>What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? 83.</p> <p>What generals some of us are, 80.</p> <p>What good woman does not laugh at, 17.</p> <p>What is it . . . so respected . . . as . . . dulness? 85.</p> <p>What is it to be a gentleman? 34.</p> | <p>What is it? Where lies it? the secret, 5.</p> <p>What! is love sin? 63.</p> <p>What is sheer hate seems . . . so like, 67.</p> <p>What is the dearest praise of all, 16.</p> <p>What man's life is not overtaken, 27.</p> <p>What money is better bestowed, 58.</p> <p>What strange mixture of pity, 48.</p> <p>What would the possession of a hundred thousand, 30.</p> <p>When a gentleman is cudgelling his brain, 103.</p> <p>When a man is in love, 48.</p> <p>When I saw the great Venus, 74.</p> <p>When my ink is run out, 43.</p> <p>When one thinks of country houses, 10.</p> <p>When the women of the house, 4.</p> <p>When two women get together, 3.</p> <p>Whene'er I write your name, 79.</p> |
|--|--|

INDEX

- Wherefore were wings made, 52.
- Which is the most reasonable, 20.
- Which of the dead are most tenderly, 50.
- Which of us can point out and say, 39.
- Which of us has not his anxiety, 91.
- Which of us has not idle words to recall? 113.
- Which of us that is thirty, 134.
- Who does not know of eyes lighted, 48.
- Who has not felt that little shock, 104.
- Who is this that sets up to preach, 2.
- Who likes a man best because, 33.
- Who misses or who wins the prize, 36.
- Who ordered toil . . . ordered weariness, 63.
- Who says the world is all cold? 117.
- Who was born on Christmas Day? 139.
- Who was the blundering idiot, 68.
- Who would not be poor, 23.
- Whose life is not a disappointment? 134.
- Whose turn may it be to-morrow? 24.
- Why the deuce will men make light, 26.
- Why, what tragedies, comedies, 113.
- With a five and twenty years' experience, 99.
- With youth, hope, to-day, 57.
- Words, like men, pass current, 28.
- Wounds heal rapidly in a heart, 57.
- YES, a good face, 27.
- Yesterday, in the street, I saw a pair of eyes, 59.
- Yesterday is gone—yes, 37.
- Yesterday is the philosopher's property, 17.
- You have the same four letters to describe, 12.
- You may see by the above letter, 11.

THACKERAY

You open an old letter-	some people's faces,
box and look, 115.	114.
You see, there come	You shall be none the
moments of sorrow,	worse to-morrow, 19.
79.	You who can smash
You see tragedies in	the idols, 107.

THE END

